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By Charles Klein and Arthur Hornblow

## THE THIRD DEGREE

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### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Howard Jeffries marries waitress while at college and is disinherited by rich father. Stepmother visits apartments of her old flame, Robert Underwood, to try to prevent him ending his life when pressed by creditors. Howard, visiting Underwood, a former college mate, seeking a loan, is asleep in the apartments during the interview and as stepmother leaves, Underwood shoots himself. Howard awakens and is arrested and, by police third degree methods, is made to confess to the crime. His wife seeks aid of his family. Goes to see husband at prison. He tells her he is not guilty.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Judge Brewster was enjoying the situation hugely. He had quite made up his mind what to do, but he liked to quiz this bold young woman who had not been afraid to show him where his duty lay. Striving to keep a serious face, he said:

"Oh, yes, you did, and I want you to understand I'm not afraid of any man. As to allowing my personal interests to interfere with my duty—"

Annie took alarm. She was really afraid she had offended him.

"Oh, I didn't say that, did I?" she exclaimed timidly.

Judge Brewster forced his face into a frown.

"You said I knew on which side my bread was buttered!"

"Did I?" she exclaimed in consternation.

"You say a great many things, Mrs. Jeffries," said the lawyer solemnly.

"Of course, I realize how deeply you feel, and I make excuses for you. But I'm not afraid. Please understand that—"

He rapped the table with his eyeglasses as if he were very much offended indeed.

"Of course not," she said apologetically. "If you were you wouldn't even see me—let alone talk to me—and—"

Pointing to the piece of paper he held in his hand, she added:

"And—"

"And what?" demanded the judge, amused.

Half hysterical, now laughing, now crying, she went on:

"And—take the names and addresses of witnesses for the defense—and—think out how you're going to defend Howard—and—"

The lawyer looked at her and laughed.

"So you think I'm going to help Howard?" he said. "You take too much for granted."

"You're not afraid to help him," she said. "I know that—you just said so."

Judge Brewster raised his fist and brought it down on the desk with a bang which raised in a cloud the accumulated dust of weeks. His face set and determined, he said:

"You're quite right! I'm going to take your case!"

Annie felt herself giving way. It was more than she could stand. For victory to be hers when only a moment before defeat seemed certain was too much for her nerves. All she could gasp was:

"Oh, judge!"

The lawyer adjusted his eyeglasses, blew his nose with suspicious energy, and took up a pen.

"Now don't pretend to be surprised—you knew I would. And please don't thank me. I hate to be thanked for doing what I want to do. If I didn't want to do it, I wouldn't—"

Through her tears she murmured: "I'd like to say 'thank you.'"

"Well, please don't," he snapped. But she persisted. Tenderly, she said:

"May I say you're the dearest, kindest—"

Judge Brewster shook his head. "No—no—nothing of the kind."

"Most gracious—noble-hearted—courageous," she went on.

The judge struck the table another formidable blow.

"Mrs. Jeffries!" he exclaimed.

She turned away her head to hide her feelings.

"Oh, how I'd like to have a good cry," she murmured. "If Howard only knew!"

Judge Brewster touched an electric button, and his head clerk entered.

"Mr. Jones," said the lawyer quickly, "get a stenographic report of the case of the People against Howard Jeffries, Jr.; get the coroner's inquest, the grand jury indictment, and get a copy of the Jeffries confession—get everything—right away!"

The clerk looked inquiringly, first at Annie and then at his employer.

Then respectfully he asked:

"Do we, sir?"

"We do," said the lawyer laconically.

### CHAPTER XVI.

"Now, my dear young woman," said Judge Brewster, when the astonished head clerk had withdrawn, "if we are going to get your husband free we must get to work, and you must help me."

His visitor looked up eagerly.

"I'll do anything in my power," she said quickly. "What can I do?"

"Well—first of all," said the lawyer with some hesitation, "I want you to see a certain lady and to be exceedingly nice to her."

"Lady?" echoed Annie, surprised.

"What lady?"

"Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Sr.," he replied slowly.

"Howard's stepmother?" she ejaculated.

A clerk entered and handed his employer a card. The lawyer nodded and said in an undertone:

"Show her in." Turning round

again, he went on: "Yes—Howard's stepmother. She's out there now. She wants to see you. She wishes to be of service to you. Now, you must conciliate her. She may be of great use to us."

Annie's face expressed considerable doubt.

"Perhaps so," she said, "but the door was slammed in my face when I called to see her."

"That's nothing," answered the judge. "She probably knows nothing about it. In any case, please remember that she is my client—"

She bowed her head and murmured obediently:

"I'll remember."

The door of the office opened and Alicia entered. She stopped short on seeing who was there, and an awkward pause followed. Judge Brewster introduced them.

"Mrs. Jeffries, may I present Mrs. Howard, Jr.?"

Alicia bowed stiffly and somewhat haughtily. Annie remained self-possessed and on the defensive. Addressing the banker's wife, the lawyer said:

"I told Mrs. Howard that you wished to speak to her." After a pause he added: "I think, perhaps, I'll leave you together. Excuse me."

He left the office and there was another embarrassing silence. Annie waited for Mrs. Jeffries to begin. Her attitude suggested that she expected something unpleasant and was fully prepared for it. At last Alicia broke the silence:

"You may think it strange that I have asked for this interview," she began, "but you know, Annie—"

Interrupting herself, she asked: "You don't mind my calling you Annie, do you?"

The young woman smiled.

"I don't see why I should. It's my name and we're relatives—by marriage."

"There was an ironical ring in her voice as she went on: "Relatives! It seems funny, doesn't it, but we don't pick and choose our relatives. We must take them as they come."

Alicia made an effort to appear conciliatory.

"As we are—what we are—let's try to make the best of it."

"Make the best of it?" echoed Annie. "God knows I'm willing, but I've had mighty little encouragement, Mrs. Jeffries. When I called to see you the other day, to beg you to use your influence with Mr. Jeffries, 'not at home' was handed to me by the liveried footman and the door was slammed in my face. Ten minutes later you walked out to your carriage and were driven away."

"I knew nothing of this—believe me," murmured Alicia apologetically.

"It's what I got just the same," said the other dryly. Quickly she went on: "But I'm not complaining, understand—I'm not complaining. Only I did think that at such a time one woman might have held out a helping hand to another."

Alicia held up her hand protestingly.

"How could I?" she exclaimed. "Now, be reasonable. You are held responsible for Howard's present position."

"Yes—by the police," retorted Annie grimly, "and by a couple of yellow journals. I didn't think you'd believe all the gossip and scandal that's been printed about me. I didn't believe what was said about you."

Alicia started and changed color.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed haughtily. "What was said about me?"

"Well, it has been said that you married old Jeffries for his money and his social position."

"Old Jeffries!" protested Alicia indignantly. "Have you no respect for your husband's father?"

"Not a particle," answered the other coolly, "and I never will have till he acts like a father. I only had one interview with him and it finished him with me for all time. He ain't a father—he's a fish."

"A fish!" exclaimed Alicia, scandalized at such low majesty.

Annie went on recklessly: "Yes—a cold-blooded—"

"But surely," interrupted Alicia, "you respect his position—his—"

"No, I respect a man because he behaves like a man, not because he lives in a marble palace on Riverside drive."

Alicia looked pained. This girl was certainly impossible.

"But surely," she said, "you realized that when you married Howard you—you made a mistake—to say the least?"

"Yes, that part of it has been made pretty plain. It was a mistake—his mistake—my mistake. But now it's done and it can't be undone. I don't see why you can't take it as it is and—"

She stopped short and Alicia completed the sentence for her:

"—and welcome you into our family—"

"Welcome me? No, ma'am. I'm not welcome and nothing you or your set could say would ever make me believe that I was welcome. All I ask is that Howard's father do his duty by his son."

"I do not think—pardon my saying so," interrupted Alicia stiffly, "that you are quite in a position to judge of what constitutes Mr. Jeffries' duty to his son."

"Perhaps not. I only know what I would do—what my father would have done—what any one would do if they had a spark of humanity in them. But they do say that after three generations of society life red blood turns

into blue."

Alicia turned to look out of the window. Her face still averted she said:

"What is there to do? Howard has acknowledged his guilt. What sacrifice we may make will be thrown away."

Annie eyed her companion with contempt. Her voice quivering with indignation, she burst out:

"What is there to do? Try and save him, of course. Must we sit and do nothing because things look black? Ah! I wasn't brought up that way. No, ma'am, I'm going to make a fight!"

"It's useless," murmured Alicia, shaking her head.

"Judge Brewster doesn't think so," replied the other calmly.

The banker's wife gave a start of surprise. Quickly she demanded:

"You mean that Judge Brewster has encouraged you to—"

"He's done more than encourage me—God bless him!—he's going to take up the case."

Alicia was so thunderstruck that for a moment she could find no answer.

"What!" she exclaimed, "without consulting Mr. Jeffries?"

### (TO BE CONTINUED)

### MINING AND OIL NEWS.

#### ZEIGER BUYS MORE GOLD MINES NEAR SYLVANIE.

Crepper and Cab Fraction Lateral Acquired. Adjoins Famous Properties. Development Work in Other Mines.

Tom Pepper and Walter and William Burdick, cattlemen of Hachita, N. M., have sold to Charles Zeiger their mining properties near Sylvanie, N. M., known as the Crepper and the Cab Fraction, lying west of the Wake Up Charlie and Broken Jug mines, which were famous in the boom days of the camp two years ago.

Mr. Zeiger had acquired the Broken Jug and other properties to the east of the Crepper, making his holdings comprise a long strip of ground covering the great trachyte dyke and parallel fissures in the very heart of the gold camp.

"I have been developing the Crepper property for some time and ran a tunnel in the hill 122 feet on the vein, and have also made cross-cuts and surface openings aggregating 160 feet," said Mr. Pepper.

"These workings have shown an immense mineral lode which is about 100 feet wide. For 40 feet across the lode, the ore averages \$14.50 gold per ton. There are rich streaks and stringers in it that run up in the thousands of dollars, showing plenty of 'picture' gold. The mine will warrant a milling plant of several hundred tons daily capacity."

"There is a good deal of other development work going on, particularly on the Ridgeview mine southeast of the Crepper. This property is owned by Charles Morse of Los Angeles, who has a large force of men at work and who uses machine drills. Work is being pushed on the Gold Hill properties which are on the same hill and belong to Carleton brothers, of Cripple Creek fame. Both of these mines are producing rich gold ore. The gold values are down to a good depth and Sylvanie will be a permanent and productive gold producer."

#### MEXICAN CAPITAL OBTAINS OPTION ON SOLEDAO MINE.

Other Cushtulrich Properties Attracting Attention—Mexico Northwestern Plans Line Into District.

Chihuahua, Mex., May 31.—The Maudslayi (Cockerell) of this city, a representative of English, American and Mexican capital, has taken for Mexican capital a working option on the Solerado mine in the Cushtulrich district in this state. A tunnel is being commenced on the property. Mr. Cockerell has also taken an option on the Princess mine in the same district and has development work well under way.

The Cushtulrich district is attracting a great deal of attention as a result of the Mexico Northwestern railway company's decision to build at once a branch line to the town of Cushtulrich from San Antonio station on its main line running west from this city. The company is now accumulating ties at San Antonio for this road. It is expected that actual construction will begin early next month.

#### SAN PEDRO MINE PLANS BROAD GAGE RAILROAD.

Chihuahua, Mex., May 21.—The Candalaria Mining company at San Pedro, Chih., has its 100 ton concentrating plant ready for operation. The plant has been tried out and is a success.

The company is surveying and planning a branch broad gage railroad from the Mexico Northwestern to its Leon mine, a distance of three miles. Geo. A. Laird, general manager, has gone to New York to arrange for the right of way.

#### OFFICERS SEARCHING FOR CHECK RAISER IN EL PASO.

Hand Writing Artist Enlists Defendants Dallas Merchant of \$700; Bank Teller Deceased.

Texas is being scourged by secret service men for a check raiser who obtained \$700 from a Dallas bank in a novel, unusual and successful manner. It is thought that the check grafter has flown to El Paso, but at any rate he disappeared from the central Texas city without leaving a single clue.

Although the check was drawn on April 5, the discovery of its raised figures has just been made. Through his methods on the part of a Dallas merchant, and the absence of any preventive process, the "lifter" has had a month to escape.

A check for \$100 was raised to \$500 by the use of acid. The "eight hundred" in script was erased with liquid, experts say, and also the name of the payee. However, the "100" in figures was raised to "500" without the use of acid, by the simple process of "writing over" pen work. Strangely the signature of the endorsement, that of a "George W. Harrison," is pronounced by hand writing experts to have been made by a different man than the writer of the payee's name and the raised amount. The bank teller was deceived by the cleverness of the fraud.

John D. Rockefeller would go broke if he should spend his entire income trying to prepare a better medicine than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is simply impossible, and so says every one that has used it. Sold by all dealers.



## Tired?

Try a glass of FAN-TAZ.

It's red, rich, sparkling, exhilarating, refreshing.

It drives the cobwebs from the brain and clears the wearied mind.

It's pure, wholesome, delicious.

It's the drink that helps you think.

5c at all soda fountains. And in Bottles.

HESSIG-ELLIS DRUG CO. Distributors for United States, Canada and Mexico

### ALFALFA IS AGAIN READY FOR CUTTING

Second Crop for Ysleta. Smallpox Scare Subsides. Personal News.

Ysleta, Tex., June 1.—The second crop of alfalfa is ready to cut and early fruit is beginning to ripen. This bids fair to be a record breaking crop year for the lower valley.

Mrs. Nellie Witt, of El Paso, is the guest of Mrs. George Huffman.

Mrs. Robert E. Seay, of El Paso, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. L. Esterman.

Capt. Seay is in the Black mountains of New Mexico for a week's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Kennicott have moved to Las Cruces.

G. O. Graves has accepted a position near Douglas, Ariz., and with his family will leave for their new home next week.

Mrs. L. M. Hall, of El Paso, has leased the Kennicott place for the summer.

The smallpox scare is entirely over here. Mr. and Mrs. Gonsley are about well and no other cases have developed. They are still in quarantine.

Announcements have been received here of the marriage of W. L. Edwards of Nashville, Tenn., to Miss Annie Low Worden, of Fayetteville, Tenn. Mr. Edwards is well known here.

Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Brown, of El Paso; Miss Olga Berry and W. A. Baum formed a 6 o'clock dinner party at Valley Inn.

### HOUSES NEAR FINISH AT ALPINE; GENERAL NEWS

Postoffice Only Observed Memorial Day. Banks and Stores Will Celebrate Union Picnic Friday.

Alpine, Tex., June 1.—Work on the R. S. Dod residence in the west part of the city is progressing. It will be one of the oldest residences in Alpine.

Jesse Pruett has almost completed his new house on his ranch north of here.

J. H. Benson is in from his ranch 35 miles northeast of Alpine and states he has good rains and now has plenty of fine grass. He is buying a few cattle.

Tom Yarbrough and wife are here from their ranch near Marathon.

The postoffice was the only place which closed Memorial day. Owing to the fact that there are two legal holidays this week, and there is to be a union Sunday school picnic Friday, the banks and other places of business will observe that day.

A number of Mexicans are putting shingle roofs on their adobe houses.

T. C. Livingston and family will move into their new 17 room dormitory as soon as the furniture arrives.

The play given by the Marfa talent was a success.

### WE RENT Electric Fans

Ask For Prices NO NEED TO BUY ONE

Standard Electric Co.

107 S. Stanton St.

Both Phones

TRY DR. CHAMBERLAIN'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

MEDICINES for hereditary debility or weakness of men, women and children. Chronic Blood Poison, Eruptions, all Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Lung Trouble, Liver Complaint and Constipation. Female Internal trouble, inflammation or acute pains INSTANTLY CURED. OLY CURED. OLY CURED. OLY CURED.

See 105 N. Campbell. Bell Phone 2313.

### MEMORIAL ROOMS WANTED IN Y. W. C. A. BOARDING HOME

Women's Organization Appoints Room Furnishing Committee, With Mrs. J. A. Rawlings, Chairman.

The committee which will have in charge the furnishing of the new Y. W. C. A. boarding home was organized with Mrs. J. A. Rawlings, chairman; Mrs. H. B. Stevens, Mrs. Schuster, Mrs. J. N. Hughes, Mrs. H. A. Lay, Miss Margaret Hitchcock and Mrs. Alice Thompson as helpers. The members of this committee will be glad to know of any individuals or organizations who wish to furnish rooms. The secretary at headquarters may also be notified. It is hoped that a number of rooms will be furnished as memorial rooms.

Help nature "build up" after a day of hard work

Don't wear yourself out

Don't tax your strength to the utmost and become a wasted wreck when others are just beginning to enjoy the fruits of their labor. Get yourself in the proper condition to do your work and show yourself off to the best advantage. Help nature—take

Pabst Extract

The Best Tonic

and regain your nerve strength and vital forces. It fortifies the system and insures against collapse. Rich in those rare tissue-building elements of select barley malt and tonic properties of choicest hops, it builds up wasted bodies. A predigested food in liquid form, it is easily assimilated and quickly transformed into pure, red blood and healthy tissues.

The United States Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

Order a dozen bottles from your local druggist. Insist upon it being Pabst.



## ALFALFA SEED

AND FRESH FIELD, GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

CALL ON OR